The EDISON KINETOGRAM

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SCENE FROM

THE STARS AND STRIPES

FILM No. 6648

EDISON FILMS TO BE RELEASED on AUGUST 31 and SEPTEMBER 7

EDISON FILMS

To be released on August 31st *and* September 7th 1910

Edison Film No. 6648 **Copyrighted, July, 1910** **Released, August 31**

Code, VLAGGESTOK **Length, 1005 feet**

The Stars and Stripes

A Story of Paul Jones—Special Fourth of July Picture

(DRAMATIC)

ONE of the most famous sea fights recorded in the history of naval warfare took place off Flanborough Head on the night of September 23rd, 1779, at 7.30 P.M., between the English man-of-war, "Serapis," 44 guns, under the command of Captain Pearson and the American merchantman, "Bon Homme Richard," commanded by John Paul Jones, the founder of our American navy.

It is around this famous sea fight that this picture is built. The entire picture breathes with that spirit of freedom, of love of country and liberty that is bound to quicken the pulse of the on-looker ; and a glow of pride will mount his cheek as he is shown the sewing circle of fair colonial hands making the first American flag that ever caught the gleam of the morning sun in European waters and proclaimed to the world that the maps of the globe must from then on have printed across the Western hemisphere the words "United States of America." In this scene is shown the spirit of those days—sparkling eyes and eager fingers of womanhood engaged in making the first silken robe of "Stars and Stripes" in which to wrap the infant nation.

It is here we are introduced to John Paul Jones, the man of fashion and fight, come to inspect the flag which Congress adopted on the same day that he was made Captain. As he himself had said, "The Stars and Stripes and I were created out of the same womb of destiny. As long as one floats so shall the other, and should the flag sink beneath the waves in defeat, I shall go down with her." The one floats proudly from the topmost

masts of ships in every port in the world to-day. The other lies in silence in a leaden coffin in Bancroft Hall, with the Stars and Stripes enfolding him, awaiting his final resting place in the tomb to be built to his honour and everlasting fame. It is with reverence and respect that the Edison Company introduces this famous man to the moving picture world in this film, the main thread of whose story centres around John Mayrant, for whom Paul Jones had the greatest love and respect and whom he eulogized as "the man who knew no fear or danger and whom death alone could conquer."

John Mayrant has fallen out of favour with Mistress Dorothy Hall, a little lady with whom he is greatly in love, but who does not feel that John is quite as brave and gallant a gentleman as she cares to bestow her heart and hand upon. Chance favours John when a messenger carrying the news of Burgoyne's surrender, and with sealed orders for Paul Jones, falls wounded at the door of Mistress Dorothy Hall while John is pleading his suit. The messenger being wounded en route, John undertakes the delivery of the message in his place. Arriving on board of Jones' boat at midnight, John delivers the message to his Captain. Paul Jones at once orders all sail to be hoisted. The "Stars and Stripes" are flown to the midnight breeze and the ship sets sail for Europe with the news of Burgoyne's surrender, but not before John has succeeded in inducing Paul Jones to take him with him.

To win back Mistress Hall's love and affection is John's one idea, and how well and how bravely he accomplished this task is shown to the audience in one of the most realistic and startling scenes ever produced on the moving picture screen—the famous sea fight between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis." Here are shown the horror and the thrilling glory of the old time sea fight on board a sailing vessel. The scene between decks is particularly effective. Men stripped to the waist and covered with blood and powder are serving the guns, with the dead and dying lying around and powder monkeys dashing here and there in the smoke of battle. A ball crashes in the side of the vessel and causes death and destruction. The men desert their guns, but John Mayrant drives them back to their post of duty, himself staggering from a half dozen wounds.

Next we are shown the upper deck of the "Richard." Shells are bursting, cannon roaring, officers hastening hither and thither with orders, while on the poop deck we see Paul Jones, calm, cool, the acme of courage and bravery, calling out his orders, receiving the news that his ship is sinking and fire is destroying it. "Take the water that is sinking us and quench the fire that is burning us up!" is his order.

"Do you surrender ?" comes the shout from the enemy's vessel. The reply rings out "Surrender! Why I am just beginning to fight!" A moment later and the "Serapis" is seen to crash into the "Richard." "Boarders away!" rings out the order, and John Mayrant is the first to respond to the call. It is now a hand-to-hand conflict. A hundred men leap over the rail upon the enemy's vessel. The smoke and powder hide them from view. An awful moment of suspense, and then through the haze and fire can be seen John Mayrant clinging to the ratlins with the surrendered English flag in his hand. Captain Pearson has surrendered, and as he hands his sword to Paul Jones, John Mayrant sinks to the deck. Human endurance could stand no more. He was covered with wounds and glory

That Paul Jones was in the secret of John's valour and bravery is indicated in the letter he sent to Mistress Dorothy Hall recommending the hero to her favour in words of highest praise. How well she obeyed the Commander's orders is shown on John's return.

A wonderful picture elaborately staged, which will pack a house to the very doors, and will be appreciated wherever and whenever shown.

Edison Film No. 6649 **Copyrighted, July, 1910** **Released, August 31**

Code, VLAGGETOUW **Length, 436 feet**

The Tale of Two Coats

(COMEDY)

THE fame of the Edison short comedies, which has grown so rapidly in the past few months, seems likely to receive further impetus from "The Tale of Two Coats," the main incident of which is laughable enough in itself, and when coupled with the strikingly contrasted personalities and the genuinely funny stage business which illuminates the story, the film ought to prove what in slang parlance is called "a scream."

There is a tall, extremely slender and very angular but dignified citizen who expects to meet the Governor of the State at a dinner and who sends a messenger boy in a great hurry with instructions to take his suit case containing his dress suit to the hotel which is the scene of the banquet. There is a fat, jolly and very flowery little clerk in the aforesaid tall citizen's office who sees a chance to get his own dress suit checked to a suburban home for an evening party by means of the same boy and thus without cost to himself. The boy is a typical messenger "kid," as crafty and mercenary as he is reckless and utterly lacking as a respecter of persons. The clerk has no trouble in inducing him to perform the double errand as soon as he makes it plain that there is "something in" the job.

The two suit cases happen to be identical in appearance, though the contents are a long way from it, and the boy does not notice the fact until he arrives at the baggage room in the railroad station. Here for once he is nonplussed, and it doesn't help matters any to have a long line of people yelling at him to hustle along. Naturally enough he finds himself at a loss what to do, but at the baggageman's suggestion he flips a coin to decide the respective destinations of the two suit cases. The result of the gamble is the uproarious sequel of the story.

The dignified citizen finds himself forced to appear before the Governor in very inadequate togs, while the stout little clerk has much more than he needs when he appears at the party. And then the latter discovers a letter in the dress coat pocket which indicates whose clothes he is wearing, and he beats an instantaneous and prompt retreat only to appear at the Governor's reception a few moments later. When the two people and their misfit clothes face each other before the august assemblage one need not be told that "it is to laugh."

Edison Film No. 6650 **Copyrighted, July, 1910** **Released, August 31**

Code, VLAGJONKER **Length, 584 feet**

Equal to the Emergency

(COMEDY)

THIS is a charming little comedy of the very best sort, happily written and delightfully played by Edison's splendid stock players.

It begins with one of those first breakfasts at home that every young couple remembers with joy, and proceeds with the breaking in upon that happiness of an inperative note from the bride's sister summoning her to Atlantic City where, after much consultation and more heroism on the part of both of the young people, she goes. All would perhaps move smoothly if the young husband were not so lonely; but, finding that he cannot stand it any longer, he brings the boys in to keep him company. They have a little game, and a little smoke and a little drink until the old coloured cook, coming into the room in the "cold gray dawn of the morning after," expresses her disapproval of such scandalous doings and quits on the spot.

The young husband cooks his own breakfast for a few days and is beginning to become reconciled to the situation when he receives a note from Uncle Whatawad, from whom, of course, he has expectations. Uncle has never approved of his nephew's marriage, and writes now to say that he is coming to town only because the little wife, whom he has never seen, is away from home. Now, how can one entertain one's rich uncle with no cook in the house? Fortunately the little wife returns at this psychological moment and, being a young woman of decision as well as fascination, she finds a way. Disguising her dainty figure in rough gown and apron she waits upon Uncle Whatawad at the table and he, enjoying the cooked viands, congratulates his nephew on his cook. He does more; he likes the cook so well that he makes her an offer to come and cook for him and, finding that her face is pretty, he tries to coax her to accept his offer.

Just here the young husband happens into the kitchen and a small sized riot immediately ensues, but again the little wife comes to the rescue and succeeds in patching up a truce. She confesses her deception, but offers to make amends in the sweetest way possible,—only before uncle gets the kiss he must forgive nephew too. Being no more than human and seeing two pretty lips so near his own, uncle takes the wisest course,—forgives nephew and takes the kiss.

It is a jolly good little story and sure to win popularity for both the players and the Edison Company.

Edison Film No. 6651 **Copyrighted, July, 1910** **Released, September 7**
Code, VLAKGANG **Length, 1,001 feet**

A Wireless Romance

(DRAMATIC)

MODERN science rarely forgets to take a hand in the great game of life in one way or another. Love messages have reached waiting hearts by winged and fleet-footed runners, by spent horses and coach and four, by rattling rails and ocean hounds over thousands of miles of shining wire and roaring waves ; but the quickest and most modern of science, the wireless, places all other methods among the dark archives of the past. It is due to this latest wonderful invention that the Edison Company has a right to claim a new, novel and up-to-date story in the moving picture world.

Miss Warren, a young girl of fashionable society, is still quite undecided if she shall entrust her heart and hand into the keeping of a well-known clubman, a gentleman of fashion, when a slight accident occurs,—simple in the extreme, yet destined to change the course of at least three lives. This mishap is the dropping of a fan over a cliff near a river bank. In itself it is nothing, but it results in Miss Warren's acquaintance with a stranger who proves to be a wireless operator.

Their second meeting occurs on a street corner while he is on his way to his station, a short distance off. Naught will do but the fashionable Miss Warren must visit for the first time and inspect the marvels and wonders of this modern invention. Soon she is deeply absorbed in the mysteries of wireless, while her teacher is more deeply absorbed in the colour of her eyes, her hair and the dainty smile that lurks around her lips. At any rate, the lesson continues, only it is a different kind of wireless in the Marconi system that is being flashed from eye to eye during long walks along the beach and silent goodbyes at the gate of Miss Warren's mansion. One has but little doubt about the messages being all wireless, and I think it was stupid little Cupid who invented this system ages and ages ago.

In the maze of mystery and mirth that has followed this fascinating flirtation and its quick ripening into deep human love, Miss Warren has almost forgotten to inform her fashionable suitor that his case is hopeless. Suddenly she is brought to her senses by a scandalous newspaper article in which her name is mentioned as being associated with a wager made in a drinking brawl at a public café, the wager being that her hand will be won within a week. In a moment Miss Warren sees her wireless operator as a common drunken boaster, who has dared to boast that she has surrendered her heart to him.

Hot with wounded pride and humilia-

tion she writes Mr. Hartley, her almost forgotten suitor, that she accepts his offer of marriage and that they must be married at once. She will meet him aboard his private yacht and run down to Marrow, where they shall be married before night fall. Within a few hours she finds herself far out at sea, and is just beginning to realize what she is doing when she detects Mr. Hartley in the act of sending a wireless message claiming he has "won his wager." Then the truth dawns upon her—she has made the mistake of accusing the wrong man! She demands that Hartley return with her, but no! the game has gone too far now for this man of fashion to turn back and be made the laughing stock of all his friends. She will have to carry out her own proposition and marry him that night at Marrow.

In the little wireless station at the sea coast sits the operator smoking his pipe and dreaming of one sweet girl who dropped her fan, when suddenly he hears the signal of distress. Again it comes flashing through the air followed by the initials of Ruth Warren,—"on board Hartley's private yacht." A half hour later and a small racing launch slips out from the wharf bound for Marrow with a certain wireless operator on board. A chase at sea is a new feature in the moving picture field and one that adds an exciting interest to this especially fine film of the Edison Company.

"Homeward bound" is the last subtitle, and it easily tells the closing incident in a fine photographic film which is filled with exceedingly dramatic situations and which will hold popular sway wherever it is shown.

Edison Film No. 6652 **Copyrighted, July, 1910** **Released, September 7**
Code, VLAKHEID **Length, 956 feet**

Out of the Night

By Rex Beach
(DRAMATIC)

A LOVE story with a distinctly novel plot is unfolded in this film, which it seems to us ought to be equally as acceptable to the patrons of moving pictures as have been Mr. Rex's previous dramas, although the story is a radical departure from its predecessors.

Robert Austin, a man of sterling qualities, self-made and self-reliant, meets and falls in love with Marmion Moore a charming young New York society woman. The love story progresses to the point where Austin has almost declared himself when the current of events is turned. Austin and Miss Moore are riding in the park one day when her horse takes fright and bolts. Austin, in attempting to save Miss Moore, catches the

bridle rein of the runaway, but his own horse swerves and he is dragged and trampled, without, however, releasing his hold. Miss Moore, though thrown, is practically unhurt, but Austin is so severely injured that his life is despaired of. He recovers his health, however, but it is soon manifest that his eyesight is going, This fact becomes painfully evident to him, and the opinion of the eminent specialist whom he consults, far from giving him encouragement, only convinces him that it will be a matter of only a very short time when the light of day with him will give place to the darkness of night.

Miss Moore is a constant enquirer at Austin's home, and we see her on some of her visits. Austin is merely formal in his manner, concealing his affliction because he fears that if she knows she may accept him out of pure sympathy. His old manner of loving embarrassment has given way to set determination. Miss Moore marvels at his changed manner. Austin falls deeper and deeper in love, and so does the charming object of his affections. He fights his great battle and holds himself in check. At the end of each of her visits, as Marmion leaves the room, he gropes his way toward the large window which overlooks the street. He can see but faintly the outlines of figures and faces on the sidewalk. In order to be sure that Marmion is the one to whom he is about to bow he counts what he imagines will be the number of steps she will take between the hall door and her carriage. When the proper moment comes he bows and smiles from the window. Marmion returns his bow, little knowing that she is unseen by the pathetic figure at the window.

Austin cannot longer bear the strain of repressing his love for Marmion. In order to bring matters to a conclusion he writes her that the strain of overwork necessitates his going abroad, and in saying farewell, wishes her every happiness. Marmion comes to say good-bye. Austin is unable to see her, but cleverly conceals his blindness and represses the emotions that almost overwhelm him. His words are formal, almost cold—they speak a few words of parting and Marmion goes away, forgetting in her confusion her handbag, which she has left on the table. Austin listens for the door to close. As it does he begins to count—"one, two, three, four, five, six - - - ten, eleven, twelve - - ." He gets this far when Marmion re-enters, having missed her handbag on reaching the hallway. Austin continues to count, oblivious of her presence, and makes his way toward the window. She stands rooted to the floor until after he has bowed and smiled toward the street and then turned away in an agony of despair. Marmion can keep silent no longer but, stretching out her arms to the man who has unwittingly declared his great love for her, she calls him by name.

It is impossible for us to describe the pathos and dramatic force of the scene which follows. Suffice it to say that even as sunshine breaking through the clouds dispels all memory of the storm, so does the knowledge of their great love for each other bring to these two people happiness and content to replace sorrow and suffering.

In "Out of the Night," Mr. Beach fully demonstrates that his talents are not confined to depicting the rugged life of the West, but that in any atmosphere his facile pen can depict situations which fascinate. It is almost needless to say that the portrayal of this picture by the Edison Company is in all respects worthy of the story, and that the acting is finished to the highest degree.

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